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SEVENPENCE.

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THE BRITISH ADVANCE ON THE WESTERN FRONT: A BRIDGE OVER WHAT WAS ONCE A GERMAN TRENCH.

For many weeks past the British troops on the Western Front have been making continual | The enemy trenches in the same neighbourhood were entered by our patrols at other places inerads into the German positions, raiding or capturing trenches here and there to a greater or less extent. Thus, as a typical case, in an official despatch of March 12, it was stated: "We improved our position slightly during the night north-east of Bouchavesnes.

THE GERMAN RETIREMENT ON THE ANCRE: GOMMECOURT.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



"Our men who died last July in the attempt to carry Gommecourt," wrote a "Times" correspondent on February 28, "now have their sacrifice justified, and that famous salient, which includes the historic château and park of Gommecourt, has fallen. It fell to the logic of circumstances last night, and was acquired by peaceful penetration." Gommecourt lies between four and five miles to the north-west of Bapaume. Its coming into our hands compelled an acceleration of the German withdrawal on the Ancre, as part of the general move-back under the continuous pressure of the British attacks

which took place daily during the latter part of February and the first days of the present month. How Gommecourt and the entire neighbourhood had been rendered absolutely untenable by the enemy by the British artillery bombardment preceding the infantry advance, the illustrations above explain at a glance. "The German troops abandoned Gommecourt," described Mr. Philip Gibbs, "and our men followed the first patrols who had felt forward and took possession of the salient. . . . The enemy's troops had stolen away in the dusk, leaving nothing behind but the refuse of trench life."

AIR WAR; AND THE STOKES GUN: SCENES ON THE BRITISH FRONT.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS



AN INCIDENT OF "AERIAL ACTIVITY" ON THE BRITISH FRONT: DISMANTLING A GERMAN MACHINE WHICH WAS FORCED TO LAND BEHIND OUR LINES.



FIXING FUSES FOR STOKES MORTARS: BRITISH SOLDIERS PREPARING AMMUNITION FOR A NEW TRENCH-WEAPON. (INSET SHOWING THE SHELLS USED.)

Considerable aerial activity has been in progress for some time on the British front, both on the part of the enemy's flying men and our own. An official despatch of March 12 from General Headquarters stated, for instance, that on the previous day "much successful bombing and reconnaissance work was carried out by our aeroplanes. Air fighting was continuous. Nine enemy machines were brought down or driven down damaged, four of which are known to have been destroyed. Five of our machines are missing." As regards the lower photograph on this page, and the small one inset, it

may be mentioned that the Stokes gun is a new type of short-range trench-mortar recently adopted by the British Army, and extremely effective. It fires a number of cylindrical bombs, whose appearance in the air has been compared to a group of lead-pencils. They fall on their objective with deadly precision and devastating effect. The gun is named after its inventor, Mr. Wilfrid Stokes, Managing-Director of Messrs. Ransomes and Rapier, a well-known firm of engineers, and Chairman of the East Anglian Munitions Committee. He is also a member of the Munitions Inventions Department.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON

IT is an old taunt of the sceptic that the most I is an out taint of the sceptic that the most ruthless wars are the religious wars. There is a sense in which it is true, and no wise apologist will palliate the evil side of such persecutions. But the same logic will show quite as lucidly that, if the religious war is the most merciless, it is also the most merciful. In no other war can a man be more intensely hated, yet in no other war can a man be

THE DEATH OF THE INVENTOR OF THE RIGID DIRIGIBLE AIRSHIP: COUNT ZEPPELIN.

AIRSHIP: COUNT ZEPPELIN.

Count Zeppelin died at Charlottenburg, Berlin, on March 8 from inflammation of the lungs, at the age of seventy-nine. He was a South German and a cavalry officer. As a youth he took part in the American Civil War, where his experiences in reconnoitring-balloons turned his mind to the possibilities of dirigible balloons. For years he experimented, using up his private fortune. He built his first "Zeppelin" of the present-day type in 1897. Others followed, each in turn meeting with disaster. The Kaiser took up the idea, and a national subscription recouped the Count for his financial losses. Both passenger Zeppelins and war craft were built, and when the war broke out the Zeppelin feet was expected to be the prime factor in the attack on England. Only "Baby-killing" raids, however, have resulted from their use, and the disastrous fate of the last Zeppelin raids broke the Count's spirit. Then came his final illness. His death was made the subject of a panegyric by the Kaiser, who declared that Count Zeppelin's memory would to him "ever be sublime and dear." Photograph supplied by Stanley's Press Agency. Photograph supplied by Stanley's Press Agency

more suddenly or more easily loved. We talk of belligerents offering peace to the enemy; but every religion of its very nature begins by offering peace to the enemy. It may offer it on terms the enemy cannot accept, or is quite right not to accept; but it operates instantly if it is accepted. Conquest may produce bitterness, but conversion produces no bitterness. It can produce nothing but gratitude, if it is conversion at all. It may seem a paradox that men should hate you for dethroning their King, but thank you for dethroning their God; but they will thank you—if he is really dethroned. If a man is truly and vitally converted, he has the peace of surrender without the shame of treason. Since every true creed is cosmic, and necessarily makes a universal affirmation about men, men as men are necessarily welcome to it. A man converted to the Moslem religion, even on the field of battle, really becomes a brother of all other Moslems. A Danish pirate, baptised after one of Alfred's victories, would find men far less disposed to remember his piracy than a modern burglar finds modern society disposed to remember his burglaries. I am not suggesting that there is not another side to all this, tenably to be put to the discredit of mystical ideas; I am only saying that this side is true, that such ideas do operate thus swiftly and humanely whenever they operate sincerely—that is to say, when-ever they operate at all. It is not a disgrace, it is hardly even a distress, for a man to change his side if he really changes his mind.

This truth can only be fully true of a war of purely abstract and universal ideas. In all, or nearly all, real wars there are, no doubt, national, local, and personal loyalties which would make such transition mere treason, not to be desired by honourable men even in an enemy. Nevertheless, it is worth while to remember this abstract truth; it is very specially worth while to remember all abstract truths when we are faced with practical problems. It is only the idle who can afford not to be theoretic. The dreamer who builds castles in the clouds need only be a dreamer but the man who is going to build in bricks and mortar must be an abstract thinker, for he must be a mathematician. Similarly, while this truth about war and conversion enters only partially into our own case, it is vital to recognise it and realise its laws, in so far as it does enter. And where it does enter, touching the present war, is that it provides the true answer to a question many conscientious, if confused, modern people are asking themselves—and which may be popularly stated as the question of hating Germans.

We might say that we do not hate Germans, but only Pan-Germans. We might say it as naturally as King Alfred might easily have said at one moment that he did not hate a Dane and at another moment that he did hate a heathen. We do not hate Germans, but Pan-Germans, because Pan-Germanism has the universal character of a religion, as have most phrases like Pantheism or the worship of Pan. It proposes a certain view and settlement of all humanity;

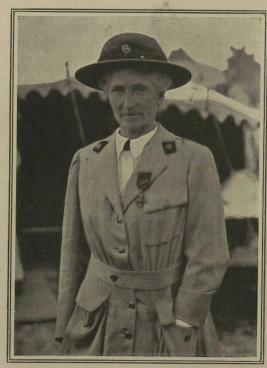
necessarily their oppression, or even conquest, but their treatment upon the basis of a certain generalisation. The German generalisation about themselves and other people is one which we do not merely deny, but hate, and do not merely hate, but know that we are right in hating. But there is nothing to prevent our loving any German who should hate it as much as we. We do not hate Germans, it as much as we. We do not hate Germans, we do not even hate Prussians—we only hate Prussianisers.

But it is precisely here that we come close to the queerest truth in the business. For the truth is that there are no Prussians to hate. There are only Prussianisers—who have been Prussianised. The most singular of all the singular facts about Prussia is the fact that Prussia does not exist. It is not a thing like France or Scotland—or, for that matter, Yorkshire—a native tradition of quite natural pride in certain good or bad qualities. It is simply something that has happened—to a lot of people who are not otherwise of great interest. Trace the thing as far back as you will, and you will find it coming to its pupils, or victims, from outside and from above is, in the true and terrible sense of the word, superstition. It is a thing superimposed. It is, in the vilest and most horrid verity, a system of education. There is nothing wrong with a Prussian except his Prussianism. But it is upon that that he acts; and yet it can hardly be called a principle of life, but rather a principle of death-perhaps most truly of all, a principle of sleep. It is as if a hypnotist could do a million murders through a

et even on the rulers rests something of this cloud of evil sleep. The Princes of Prussia have a right to the motto "Ich Dien." They are certainly not the servants of their people, but they are in a real sense the servants of their empire, their imperium. Certainly they are servants: and those who think servants cannot be so arrogant have yet to make the acquaintance of a certain kind of butler. But if it be asked what such Princes

are serving, the definition is doubtless more difficult. Though this war was made by Hohenzollerns, I doubt if it was made originally by any living Hohenzollern. It is something more than traditional; rather testamentary. These men are fond of talking about their will; but there is a special sense in which we only apply the word to the will of a dead man. But it is nearer still to the truth to say this: that it is the very mark of the servile worker to forget why he is working. It is the definition of a tool that it does not know why it is a tool. And, while millions of tools rise and fall and fashion and destroy with the busy multiplicity of clockwork all over the vast lands that lie under the Prussian sceptre, none are alive to look up and realise that the sceptre itself is a tool.

Prussia was not a nationalist democracy which chose evil; it was not a nation, or even, in the proper sense, a people. It was simply such accidental crowds of colourless, lumpish, outlying northern men as certain chiefs could hammer and harden into mere regiments conscious of no flag. It is necessary to be ruthless because we must reach the centre of the machine in order to break the spring—or, perhaps, the spell. But it is not necessary to be hopeless, because in a sense the men living under it have never yet lived at all. There is nothing in their native and somewhat mild character to prevent their ripening under a better civilisation to prevent their ripening under a better civilisation into very happy and humane Europeans. In that sense this is quite strictly to be called a religious war—in that it is waged to save souls by hypothesis capable of salvation. If we effect a conversion, then we shall effect something of which the pacifists talk quite hopelessly—a war that will leave no wound.



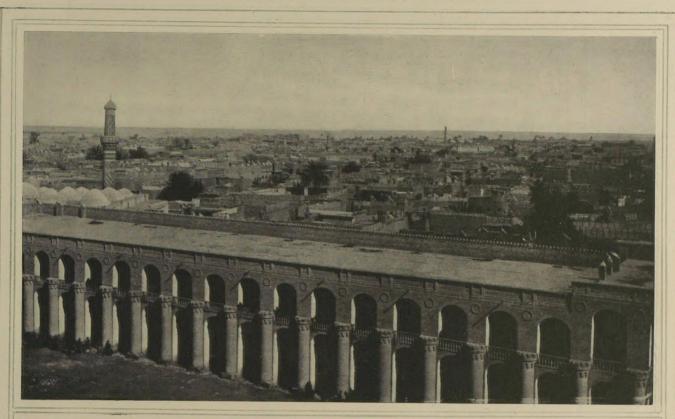
LORD FRENCH'S SISTER KILLED BY A SHELL WHILE ON AMBULANCE

LORD FRENCH'S SISTER KILLED BY A SHELL WHILE ON AMBULANCE WORK AT MONASTIR: MRS. HARLEY.

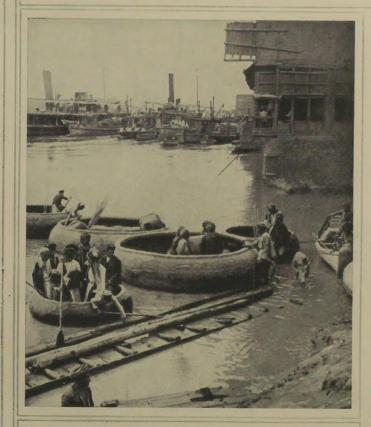
Mrs. Harley was mortally wounded by a skell at Monastir on March y, while serving with a motor-ambulance unit attached to the Serbian Army. She was a sister of Field-Marshal Lord French, and the widow of a distinguished officer on the Staff in the South African War, who died from illness contracted during active service. She had done very notable work in the war, first in France on the staff of the Scottish Women's Hospital, and as administrator in charge of a French Government hospital at Troyes. She went thence to Salonika at the request of the French War Office, and for her services was decorated with the Croix de Guerre. On receiving news of Mrs. Harley's death at Monastir, the Crown Prince of Serbia, who is in command of the Serbian Army, telegraphed his "sincerest condolence and the expression of his warmest sympathy" to Lord French.—[Official Photogra-h.]

THE CAPTURE OF BAGHDAD: THE SCENE OF VICTORY; AND THE VICTOR.

PHOTOGRAPH No. 2 BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD; No. 3 BY MAULL AND FOX.



CAPTURED BY LIEUT.-GENERAL MAUDE'S TROOPS ON MARCH 11: BAGHDAD - A GENERAL VIEW OF A PART OF THE CITY.



AT BAGHDAD: MODERN SHIPPING; AND KUFAS, CRAFT OF THE KIND USED IN ASSYRIA HUNDREDS OF YEARS BEFORE CHRIST.



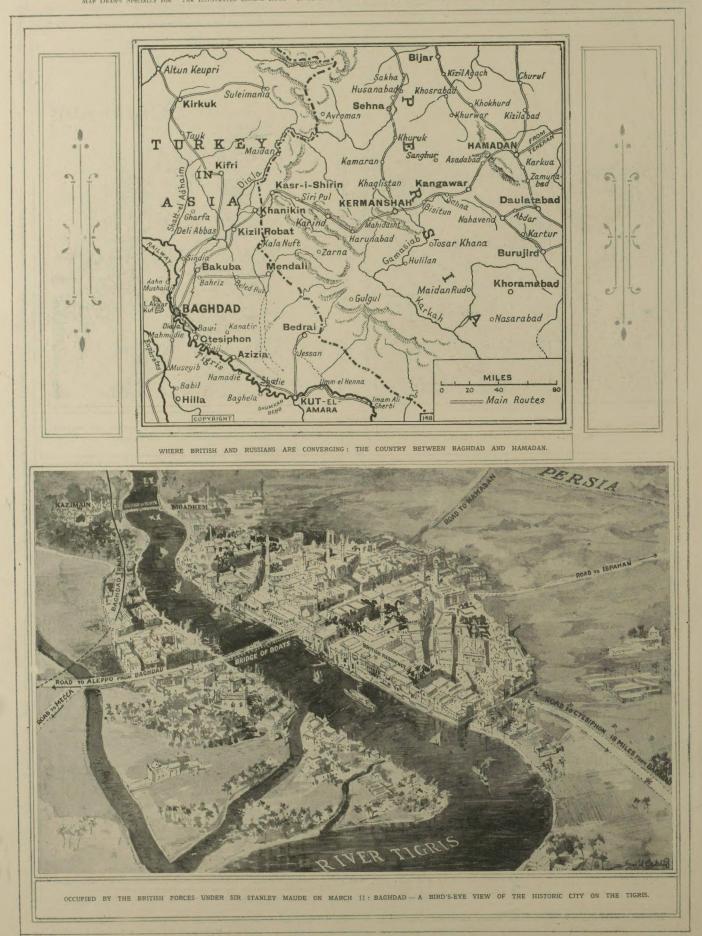
LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR F. STANLEY MAUDE, COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH TROOPS WHICH CAPTURED BAGHDAD.

As is noted elsewhere, Sir Stanley Maude, Commanding in Mesopotam'a, telegraphed on As is noted elsewhere, Sir Stanley Maude, Commanding in Mesopotam a, telegraphed on March 11 the very important news that the British troops had occupied Baghdad early that morning. On the Monday, Mr. Bonar Law, speaking in the House of Commons, said: "Not only were large numbers of prisoners and a quantity of material of all kinds captured during the pursuit, but we have good reason to believe that nearly two-thirds of the whole of the enemy's artillery either fell into our Fands or was thrown by him into of the whole of the enemy's artillery either fell into our Fands or was thrown by him into our Fands or was thrown by him into of the whole of the enemy's artillery either fell into our Fands or was thrown by him into of the whole of the enemy's artillery either fell into our Fands or was thrown by him into o

of the whole of the enemy's artillery either fell into our hands or was thrown by him into

ANGLO-RUSSIAN PRESSURE: BAGHDAD AND THE PERSIAN BORDER.

MAP DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY MESSES, GEORGE PHILIP AND SON, LTD., 32, FLEET STREET, E.C.; PLAN BY HAROLD OAKLEY.



While General Maude's victorious army, which occupied Baghdad on March 11, has been engaged in driving the Turks up the line of the Tigris, our gallant Russian allies have been simultaneously moving towards Mesopotamia from over the Persian border, thus exerting pressure on the Turks from the east while our forces attacked from the south. Shortly before the fall of Baghdad, it will be recalled, the Russians under General Baratofi

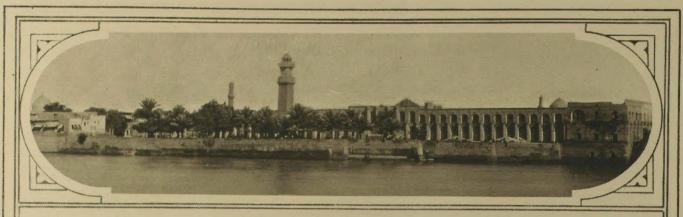
captured Hamadan, whence they continued their westward advance towards Kermanshah. Both places are shown above; also the River Diala, which flows into the Tigris a few miles below Baghdad. In the bird's-eye view of Baghdad may be noted, in the left-hard top corner, the Mosque of Kazimain, which is illustrated elsewhere in this number. Just below the bridge of boats is seen the British Residency.

THE FALL OF BAGHDAD: THE FAMOUS CITY NOW IN BRITISH HANDS.



The capture of Baghdad by the British Army under General Maude was announced by The capture of Baghdad by the British Army under General Maude was announced by the War Office on March 11, together with a summary of the operations during the previous fev days that led up to it. The official statement was as follows: "In continuation of the announcement that our forces were engaged with the enemy on the line of the Diala, on the night of March 8 (Thursday) our troops succeeded, in spite of bright moonlight, in effecting a surprise crossing of the Diala, and in establishing a strong post on the right bank of that river. Meanwhile, on the morning of the 8th, the Tigris having been bridged at some distance downstream from the confluence of the Diala, a strong British detachment marched up the right bank and found the enemy holding a position about six miles south-west of Baghdad. The enemy were driven from this position to another two miles in rear. During the night of March 9 (Friday) the passage of the Diala was forced, and our troops advanced some four miles towards Baghdad. During the 9th our forces on the right bank drove the enemy from his second position, bivouacking on the ground gained. This advantage, in spite of blinding dust storms and a violent gale, was pressed on the morning of the 10th (Saturday), the Turks being forced back to within three miles west and south-west of Baghdad." Since the [Continued corrilog].

"BY BAGDAT'S SHRINES OF FRETTED GOLD": IN THE CAPTURED CITY.



CAPTURED BY GENERAL MAUDE'S TROOPS ON MARCH II: BAGHDAD FROM THE RIVER.



THE SHRINE OF A SHIAH PROPHET POISONED BY HAROUN AL RASCHID: THE GOLDEN-DOMED MOSQUE OF KAZIMAIN.



ONE OF THE MANY WINDING AND UNPAVED THOROUGHFARES OF BAGHDAD:
A TYPICAL STREET SCENE.



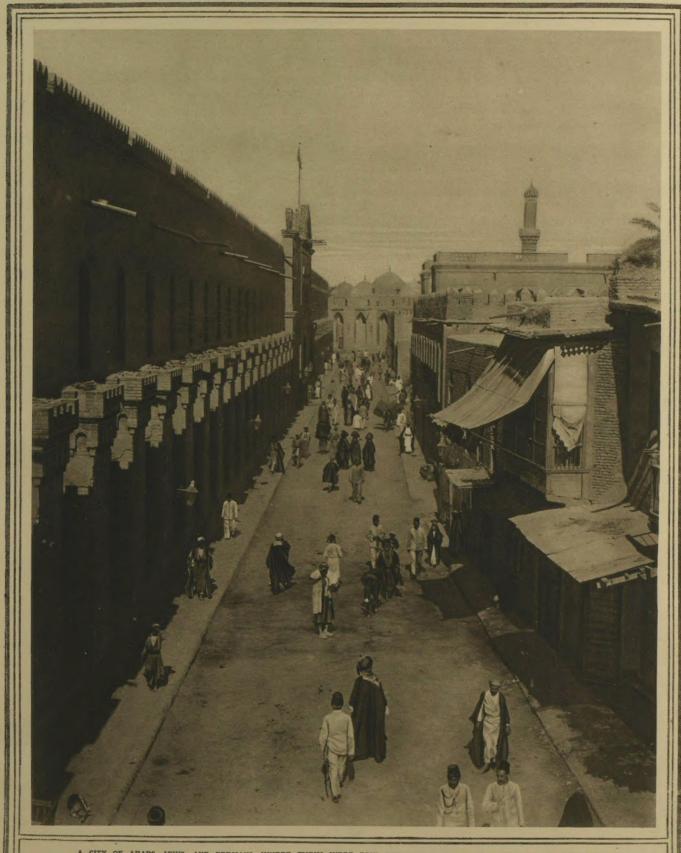
'IN THE FAMOUS CITY OCCUPIED BY A BRITISH ARMY ON MARCH 11: THE NORTH GATE OF BAGHDAD.

Continued.]

above was received, Sir Stanley Maude, telegraphing on March 11, announced that the British forces occupied Baghdad early that morning. No further details have yet been received." From a military point of view, Baghdad itself is not easy to hold, but the enemy possessed near by several strong lines of defence which our troops had to pass. It lies in an open plain, and the Figris, there nearly 300 yards wide, cuts the city in two. The principal streets and buildings are now on the eastern bank. The original city was on the western side, but is now only a suburb, connected with the main town by a bridge of boats. The suburbs extend for miles along the banks of the river. Most of

the population (about 120,000) are Arabs, while there are also thousands of Jews, with some Persians and people of other races. The few Turks were mostly Government officials. It was only in the reign of Charles I, that the Ottomans conquered Baghdad, at a time when British traders were already navigating the Persian Gulf and establishing relations with Chaldea. The glory of Baghdad—the Baghdad of the "Arabian Nights" and Haroun al Raschid—belongs to an earlier day, some eight centuries before, when it was the home of the Caliphs and the greatest city of the East. A still earlier Baghdad existed even before Peking, Delhi, or Cairo. Of the buildings shown in our photographs, the [Continued opposite,

AN "ETERNAL CITY" OF THE EAST: GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS IN BAGHDAD.



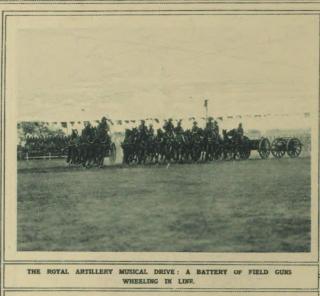
A CITY OF ARABS, JEWS, AND PERSIANS, WHERE TURKS WERE FEW AND MOSTLY OFFICIALS: PICTURESQUE PEDESTRIANS IN THE STREET OF THE GOVERNMENT PALACE AT BAGHDAD.

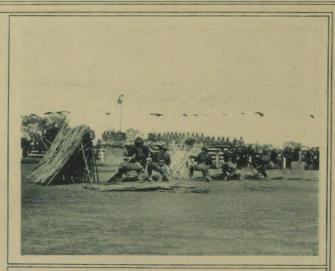
Continued.]
most interesting is the Mosque of Kazimain, on the second of the three pages. Of this quarter Mr. Perceval Landon writes, in a picturesque description of what he calls "the most eternal of all cities": "Not in Baghdad itself, but across the river—and a short tramway run away —are the famous shrines of Kazimain, whose golden domes are the most conspicuous objects in the landscape as one approaches the city from any direction. . . To the Moslem the attraction is simply that it is an efficient and dispensating goal of pilgrimages. Here are the bones of the Imam Muss, one of the great Twelve Prophets of the Shiah faith. He met his end by poison, administered by the old friend

of our childhood, Harun-er-Raschid himself. I think the Arabian Nights omits or glosses over this coup d'étot on the part of the most popular of all Oriental sovereigns. Kazimain much resembles a more important and less-known place of pilgrimage, Kerbela, though, of course, Kerbela is by far the larger and more important of the two. The two, with Nejef, are Persian enclaves in Turkish territory. . . The greenery in the streets of Kazimain is only the echo on a larger scale of the fertility of Baghdad. . . . Away from the shops you are among blank walls, elbowing in all directions, pierced with doorways, and often at 12 ft. height, spotted with a few barred windows."

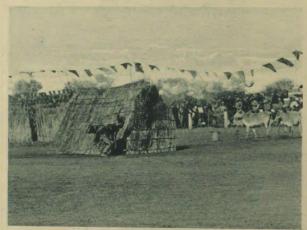
AN INDIAN MILITARY TOURNAMENT: AT LUCKNOW.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.

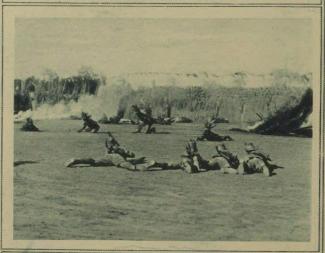




THE BOY SCOUTS' DISPLAY—"VICISSITUDES OF PRAIRIE LIFE"
SKIRMISHING WITH THE REDSKINS.



THE BOY SCOUTS' DISPLAY—"VICISSITUDES OF PRAIRIE LIFE":
A REDSKIN SCOUT RECONNOITRING.



THE BOY SCOUTS' DISPLAY — "VICISSITUDES OF PRAIRIE LIFE"
HOLDING IN CHECK THE REDSKIN ADVANCE.



THE CAVALRY MUSICAL RIDE: BENGAL LANCERS COMING DOWN THE AVENUE OF CROSSED LANCES.



THE SECTION JUMPING DISPLAY: TROOPERS OF A LIGHT CAVALRY REGIMENT TAKING ONE OF THE "LEAPS."

At Lucknow, the capital of Oudh, in the North-West Provinces of India, has always been maintained one of our largest Indian military cantonments and army headquarter stations. Although several Indian Army divisions are on war-service outside India, the Lucknow garrison has retained its position as one of the most important in the Empire. In India, of course, the "cold weather" season, between October and March, is the ordinary period for outdoor pursuits, sports, and public displays, and the Military Tournament at Lucknow, of which we give illustrations on this page, is a recent event of exceptional interest. It was organised and conducted in its main features on the lines of the annual Royal Military Tournaments held at Olympia in the days before the war, but, owing to the

general wearing of war-time khaki, was devoid of the glitter and gorgeousness of uniforms such as people were accustomed to in the London spectacles of pre-war days. In addition to the main features at all military tournaments, musical drives, musical rides, tent-pegging, and such-like items, a notable feature of the Lucknow tournament programme was a Boy Scout display, points of which are illustrated above. One set of Scouts took the rôle of American Red Indians, all made up in character; the others passed as American Boy Scouts in keeping with the plot of the display, which was called "Vicissitudes of Prairie Life." It comprised, among other things, a Redskin attack on a Scout camp, which was set on fire and blazed up dramatically.

A BOYAU BECOME A CANAL: WATERY CONDITIONS FOR THE FRENCH.

FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH



This photograph, from a French Army camera, is at once an instance of the picturesque effects occasionally caused by the destructive forces of war, and an example of the exquisite skill of French photographers. It makes a perfect picture, in the choice of subject, the natural posing of the figures, the effects of light and shade, and the clearness of detail. The glimpse of snow-covered landscape through the stone archway is like a

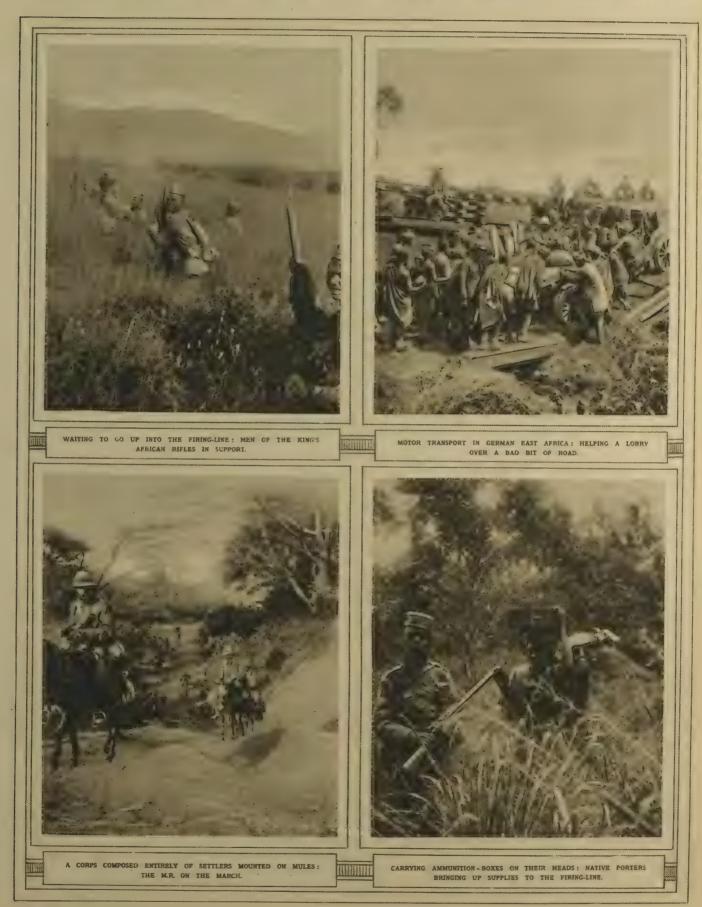
THE CONQUEST OF GERMAN EAST AFRICA: WORK BY NATIVE TROOPS.



Up to the time of writing there has been little news of recent operations in East Africa for some time, doubtless owing to weather conditions; but, as was stated on March 5, the conquest of the German colony had then reached such a stage of progress that the British and Belgian Governments had come to an agreement; after a meeting of their respective forces at Tabora, as to the provisional occupation of the territories. On this occasion the King sent a message of congratulation to King Albert expressing appreciation

of the services of the Belgian troops. In the interesting photographs given on these two pages, illustrating principally the work of the native troops, there may be noted also some of the Indian contingent, recognisable by their turbans. In his speech at Cape Town recently, on his return from East Africa en route for the War Conference, "General Smuts" (to quote Reuter) "paid an eloquent tribute to the work of Indians in East Africa, especially in the earlier portion of the campaign, declaring that he had no more [Continued opposite.]

"GERMAN EAST": BRITISH, SOUTH AFRICANS, INDIANS, AND NATIVES.



Continued.]

loyal or more devoted and braver troops than those heroes from Asia. He warmly eulogised the work of the South Africans, notably at the Latema fight." The third photograph on the right-hand page, it may be pointed out, shows men of a corps entirely composed of settlers, mounted on mules. General Smuts gave a vivid description of the hardships of the campaign against a skilful and stubborn enemy, the fearful rainstorms, and the ravages of fever. He said that he had early foreseen the impossibility

of leaving white troops too long in East Africa, and had warned the British Government on the subject. Consequently he had been authorised to begin at once the training of a new African army, with the result that we had now many more trained natives in the field who were able to take the place of returning South African troops. German East Africa, it should be remembered, is a country of vast extent. Its area is over 384,000 square miles, exceeding by 175,500 square miles that of Germany itself.

"IS IT MY MASTER?" PATHETIC VICTIMS OF WAR'S DESOLATION AT A CROSS-ROADS IN FLANDERS.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG



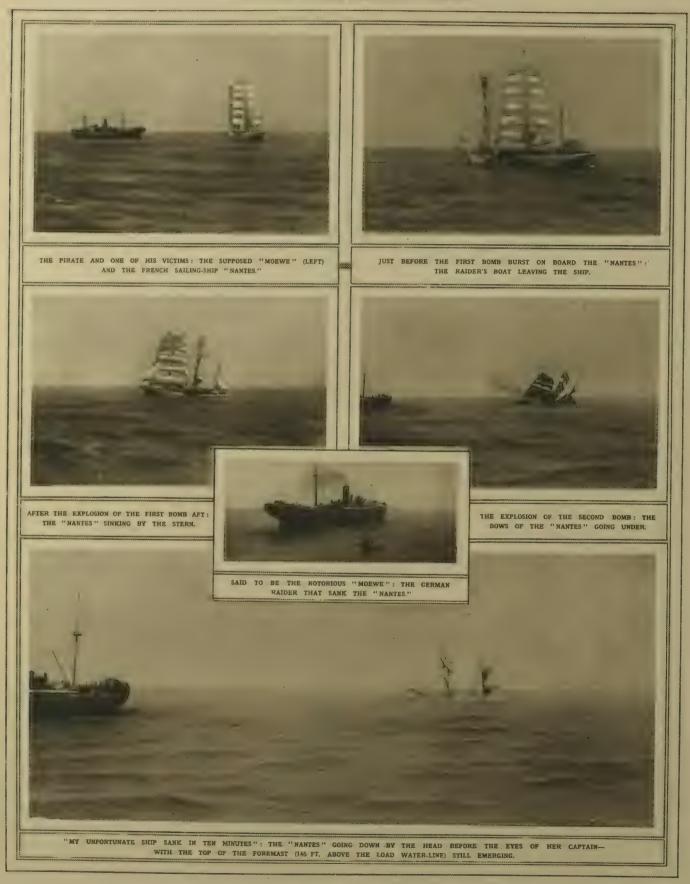
WAITING FOR THE MASTER WHO MAY NEVER RETURN: A GROUP OF LOST DOGS IN FLANDERS, EAGERLY WATCHING THE FIGURE OF AN APPROACHING PEASANT.

The fate of the lost dog is always an unhappy one, unless he has the luck to be "adopted" by some new owner. Even in the war-zone that may sometimes happen, and stray dogs have been known to attach themselves to soldiers and to be installed as pets or mascots. It is to be feared, however, that there must be many to whom fortune has proved less kind; who have suffered, like their human friends, from war's "red ruin and the breaking-up of laws," and also from the breaking-up of homes. Here, on a snowy winter's day in desolated Belgium, is a pitiful group of such homeless "friends of man," companions in adversity, whose

wistful appeal must touch the hardest heart. The scene is thus described: "At a cross-road in Flanders, a group of lost dogs, very dirty and miserable, numbering perhaps a dozen or so, had collected. Intense anxiety prevailed among them when the figure of a peasant would appear in the distance coming towards them along the road; and, as dogs have not, as a rule, very good sight, it was not until the peasant was fairly close that they had each at last to give up all hope of his being their master."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THOUGHT TO BE THE "MOEWE": A GERMAN ATLANTIC RAIDER AT WORK.

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY AN AMERICAN SEAMAN ON BOARD A CAPTURED SHIP.



A typical exploit by the mysterious German raider which recently attacked Allied shipping in the Atlantic is illustrated in these remarkably interesting photographs, which may help to establish her identity. They were taken from on board a ship she had captured and put in charge of a prize crew, the "St. Theodore," of Liverpool, by an American seaman who had been taken prisoner, and had agreed to work for the Germans in the latter vessel. The photographs show the sinking of the French sailing-ship "Nantes" by the anonymous German raider on December 20, 1916. On his return to Paris after a series of adventures, Captain Carmené, the skipper of the "Nantes," recognised, in certain

German illustrated papers that were shown him, photographs of the captain of the "Moewe" and several of his officers, as being portraits of the captain and officers of the German raider which sank the "Nantes." It was the "Moewe," it may be recalled, which captured the "Appam," recently adjudged in America to be now of British ownership. Captain Carmené watched from the raider's bridge the sinking of his ship, by means of two bombs, the first placed aft and the second forward. After the latter exploded, he writes: "Le navire pique du nex du même coup, se mâte et s'enfonce lamentablement. Mon malheureux navire a coulé en dix minutes."

FIGHTING THEIR GUN IN A DUG-OUT: FRENCH BLUEJACKETS IN ACTION.

FRENCH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



LOADING A SHIP'S GUN ON THE OISE FRONT: THE PROJECTILE BEING RAMMED HOME.



FIRING A SHIP'S GUN: THE "CAPTAIN OF THE GUN" PRESSING THE ELECTRIC FIRING-BUTTON.

France's bluejackets are taking their part in the war both on land and at sea. We all know the thrilling story of the heroism of Admiral Ronarch's Naval Brigade—mostly seamen drafted from reserve ships of the Brest Fleet—in the defence of Dixmude, eighteen months ago. On the Western Front at the present time, French bluejackets are fighting some of the heavy ships' guns that are in position at certain points. Sailors of a gun-squad, serving in a sector on the Oise line, are seen in action here, with one

of their guns in its "dug-out" casemate. The upper illustration shows the gun being loaded. The man on the right is adjusting the shell in its position inside the breech firing-chamber by means of the long-handled rammer. The second man on the right stands ready to swing home the breech-block for closing the breech, and lock it by a turn of a handle. The second illustration shows the "captain of the gun," a warrant-officer, firing by pressing an electric button.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

PROHIBITION OR STATE PURCHASE?

Description of the Section 12 be taken by the Government to discourage the sale of alcoholic drinks. The temperance bodies

In the prohibition parts of America and Canada whisky is to be had if you know where to go for it, but it is whisky of the worst kind. In India and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan the same tale is told; and it is now said that in Russia some of those who once drank vodka now drink methylated spirit.

ON THE OISE FRONT: A STORE OF BIG SHELLS.

Fronch Official Photograph.

connected with the different Scottish Churches—Establishment, Auld Licht, Wee Free, and the rest—are petitioning like one man for total prohibition during the war and the subsequent demobilisation period. Article after article on the same side appears in London and provincial papers which before the war were the staunchest supporters of Mr. Asquith and Free Trade; and it is said, whether truly or not, that "drastic" reform of the liquor trade is one of the cherished dreams of the present Prime Minister. Moreover, the submarine peril has put into the hands of the temperance advocate an argument for the use as food in its unconverted form of the barley and sugar which the distiller and brewer now turn into whisky or beer; and this is a weapon which in the nature of things may become useless if not employed at once. Hence it is likely we shall soon see an agitation against alcohol that the Government will not care to resist. But this agitation can only offer us two alternatives. All that can be done by shortening of hours, raising of prices, and the like to lessen facilities for drinking has been done, and we now find ourselves reduced, if we want to go further, to the choice of either prohibiting strong drink altogether or of putting its supply in the hands of the State.

The chief objection from the scientific point of view to the first of these alternatives is that it completely does away with the State control of drink. Prohibit the sale of strong drink, and you sweep away at one stroke all safeguards against its adulteration, against its supply to intoxicated persons, and against its consumption in insanitary surroundings. This objection might be thought negligible by the thorough-going temperance advocate, if you thereby cut off all possibility of anyone obtaining alcoholic teverages. But that is exactly what you cannot do. The experience of all past history shows one that, if you legislate against the supply of drink to one particular part of the world, all the others league with those of the inhabitants who want it to defeat you. By smuggling, by illicit distillation and brewing, and by the provision of the most deleterious substitutes under one disguise or another, you will find yourself sooner or later outwitted, while at the same time you have lost all check on the composition of what is consumed.

Another point which temperance enthusiasts are apt to neglect is that by prohibition you cut off the chance of obtaining the smallest and most reasonable amount of drink from the moderate drinker. Besides their food value—which, although small, is far from inconsiderable—alcoholic drinks in moderation undoubtedly

physiologists, depends in the ordinary way for something like one-tenth of the calories he seeks daily from food on claret and whisky. So, too, the French, who have shown themselves neither fools nor unscientific in such matters, find that a pint of light wine a day makes so valuable an addition to the soldier's daily ration as to be well worth the extra burden which it throws upon their heavily weighted transport service. And this applies with peculiar force to those men above the military age whom the State is now pressing into its service for munition-making and other work less strenuous than soldiering. By depriving such men of their daily digestive you are likely to impair their efficiency, and thus to lose in your output more than you are likely to make up by the more or less unwilling labour of those whom you have compelled to be teetotalers in spite of themselves.

These arguments do not, of course, apply to the purchase or taking over on some terms or another of the whole supply of liquor by the State. This, if the money required for the compensation of the whole trade thus dispossessed could be found, would give the State mest perfect control of the manufacture of all fermented liquor, of its distribution, and of the conditions in which it might be consumed. It would make it easy to ration both communities and individuals, and would even make it possible for public-houses to be turned from the mere drinkingshops they now mostly are into meeting-places for rational recreation and amusement, on the Continental model. That this alone would strike a heavy blow at immoderate drinking everybody must admit who can compare the sobriety of the Army at the present day with what it was forty years ago, before the Y.M.C.A. and the Church of England Temperance Society's huts and shelters now to be found in every camp were invented, and when the only meeting-place for the soldier with his kind was a more or less filthy drinking-bar in or out of barracks. Have we, however, sufficient confidence in the powers of an English Government to



ON THE BELGIAN FRONT: A SHELL FOR A BIG GUN ON A RAILWAY MOUNTING

Fronch Official Photograph.

act with some, if not with all, persons as an aid to digestion, and therefore as an advantageous addition to food. As was said in this column a fortnight ago, the Chairman of the Royal Society's Committee on Food Values, himself one of the greatest of living

take over and reorganise such an enormous undertaking in the midst of the other thousand-and-one fresh duties entailed upon it by a great war? If not, should we not do better, in Lord Melbourne's words, to leave it alone, for the moment? F. L.

WESTERN BATTLEFIELDS: WHERE AUSTRALIANS FOUGHT.

AUSTRALIAN OFFICIAL PROTOGRAPHS



MAKING EMERGENCY USE OF A FRONT-LINE LIGHT RAILWAY TRACK: SHOVING ALONG AN ARTILLERY WAGON AND STORES ON TROLLEYS.



THE WORK OF ONE DIRECT SHELL-HIT: A DESTROYED GERMAN DUG-OUT IN THE ENEMY'S SUPPORT LINE.



WHERE SOME OF THE PRUSSIAN GUARD WERE CORNERED: DNE OF THE VAULTED CELLARS UNDERNEATH MOUQUET FARM

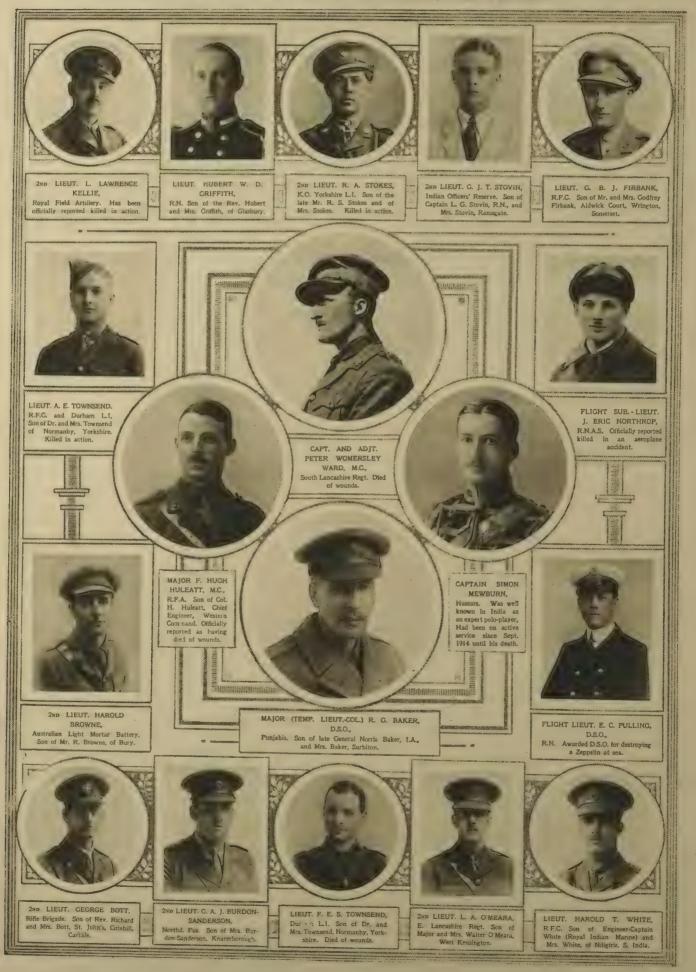
Laid down primarily for the rapid bringing-up of munitions and stores to within carrying distance of the advanced front lines, battlefield light railways, on emergency, serve various other uses. One of these is shown in the upper illustration. A squad of Australian gunners are seen pushing forward a wagon section belonging to one of their batteries, and a load of artillery stores, by utilising railway lorries along the rail-track. In that way more speedy progress is possible than along an ordinary road, deep in sticky mire.—

The scene of utter destruction, resulting from a direct shell-hit on a German dug-out,

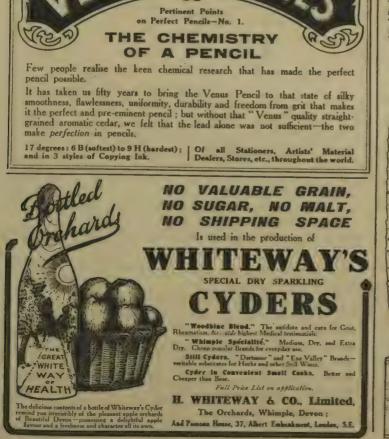
shown in the lower left-hand illustration, vividly brings before one an idea of the enormous artillery power which is now backing the British advance on the Western Front. — Mouquet Farm, stormed in one of the battles at the end of last year, was fortified above and below ground, and held by the Frussian Guard. Its vaulted cellars were converted into fortress casemates of immense thickness of masonry. One is seen in the right-hand lower illustration. "Mouquet Farm," described Mr. Perceval Gibbon, was "honeycombed with dug-outs."

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SWAINE, LAPAYETTE, BIRKETT, LANGFIER, RUSSELL AND SONS, SARONY, AND ARMY AND NAVY AUXILIARY.









NEW NOVELS.

"The Just Men of Cordova."

It was Mr. Edgar Wallace who discovered the Four Just Men, and compiled from the records of their mysterious and implacable tribunal the material of a very successful sensational story. Rightly thinking that the public will want a little more of such a good thing, he follows now with "The Just Men of Cordova" (Ward, Lock). The Just Men are a self-constituted court of justice—judges, policemen, and executioners combined—who spend the time they can spare from their normal lives in tracking down criminals who, for one reason or another, have cluded the long arm of the law. They are deliberate-persons with a strong sense of the dramatic, and with methods (all in the good cause) bearing a strong resemblance

bearing a strong resemblance to the manners and customs of the secret councils of mediæval Venice. There is mediaval Venice. There is something piquant in finding them, masked and cloaked, sitting in the back room of a fraudulent financier's office at the moment when that nimble rascal is about to place. ar the homen when that mimble rascal is about to place one more crime to his discredit. We hear a good deal in these days about the Unseen Hand. It seems to us that Mr. Wallace's Just Men are the persons to deal with the Unseen Hand. An invisible agency dealing with an intangible force is an intriguing idea. We hope Mr. Wallace will think it over, and let us have the fruits of his meditation in another volume as breathless and ingenious as the two he has already placed before the British novel reader.

tmosphere of quaint and convincing charm. Not for us, atmosphere of quaint and convincing charm. Not for us, the war-time denizens of a drab London, such peaceful adventure as Lefell Magpie and her guardian; but the Baroness von Hutten neatly persuades us that these things are happening all the time, and that Blantyre Buildings, which we can see round the corner, or Lord Lossell's mansion, that we pass daily in Grosvenor Place, are really and truly the homes of romance and the plot mysterious. The Bettany business is very well done. Mine, Amée's secret will not, we fancy, be much of a secret to any experienced reader; but the affair of the pictures is kept

of history. (Concrete beds are Herr Müller's speciality—
not of the village inn variety.) Between the school and
1914, however, stretches a story of very fair interest and
considerable elaboration, containing love and intrigue, and
the ups and downs of fortune for Mr. J. & T. Lloyd's
numerous puppets. He has to be nimble in his' manipulations, for his stage is crowded, and then there is always
the Great. War treading, as it were, on the heels of the
players. It is quite a good novel, though we must confess
to finding it just a little fatiguing, so rapid are the movements and so intricate the manuravres of these young
people. The character of Quis
is well worked out. Bower, on
the other hand, is too obviously
obnoxious. The women leave
only a faint impression, and
Herr Müller is too blatantly
"Hunnish," to use a word
that seems to have come to
stay. The really dangerous
German did not sneer out his
hatred for the English Empire.
He kept quiet, was suave, and
worked for the Day in silence.
He would have been a less
dangerous enemy if he had disclosed his intentions as openly
as Mr. Lloyd suggests.

"The Grasn of

"The Grasp of the Sultan." of the Sultan of the Sultan abook on novel lines, a book as admirable in restraint as it is striking in colour and feeling. It is the story of a young Englishman who becomes tutor to the Sultan of Turkey's sons, and it presents a vivid picture of life inside the walls of the Imperial palace. Not that Court life in Turkey would appear to be any less stulitying than Court life elsewhere, except for the risks of sudden death that attend those subjects of an Eastern autocrat who have the misfortune to be in close attendance on their master. It is all the more to Mr. Demetra Vaka's credit that he has contrived a touching romance. The escape of the tutor and those he rescues is a thriling affair, and the character of the Chief Eunuch is held up to our admiration. "The Grasp of the Sultan" does not, we imagine, aspire to the standard set by "Les Désenchantees," the greatest book ever written about the tragedy of Turkish wives; but in its modest way it adds to Pherre Loti's revelation some further and instructive light on the life of the larem, and in the present crisis it cannot fail to possess a special interest.



ON THE WESTERN FRONT: CETTING A FIELD GUN INTO POSITION

"Magpie." "Magpie" (Hutchinson) is a fantasy of modern hie, very attractively written down by Baroness von Hutten. Or rather, by that pleasant and faithful gentleman, Victor Quest, who loves one woman all his hie long, and is true as King Arthur to his kinghtly trust. The first chapter, in which fat little Mag brings Mr. Quest's laundry to the Temple, is one of the most delightful openings it has been our fortune to meet in a novel for some time, and it is an earnest of the good things to come. Though the story is, as we have said, modern—even up to date in running into the beginning of the war—it contrives to keep, all through, its " Magpie" (Hutchinson) is a fantasy "Magpie."

close to the end. "Magpie" is a novel of fine teeling, and there is not a page of it that is not cutty and alive. It ought to be easily one of the most popular books of the

year.

"Quis?" The shadow of the coming war casts itself over "Quis?" Stanley Pauly from the very beginning. No one with a grain of novel-reader's perspicacity could fail to see that Herr Maller, the German master at the preparatory school, will turn out to be very closely connected with secret Teutonic machinations in this country, or that the little boys in his class-room are destined to fight on the biggest battlefield





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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"PARTNERSHIP." AT THE LONDON REPERTORY THEATRE.

THE third play on the list of Mr Grein's repertory cason comes from the pen of Mrs Elizabeth Baker, already favourably known as, the author of "Chains." The title of the piece has a double significance; more than a "Partnership" in trade is implied. But Mr George Pillatt's mistake, when he proposes an amalgamation of his millinery firm and that of Kate Collings, is that he supposes marriage can be mixed up with business. And the story the woman-playwright sets out to tell is how a woman who has thought for years of nothing but business oon tires of a would-be partner-husband who cannot relas oon tires of a would-be partner-husband who cannot relas



A NOVELTY IN LONDON: THE VOLUNTEERS ONE-MAN BAND. Years ago it was no great rarity to see in the streets of London, a gentleman of foreign extraction with a big drum on his back, and a variety of musical instruments garmshing him, from bells on his head to castanets on his toes. To-day, owing to the scarcity of bandsmen, the County of London Motor Volunteers have adapted science to a similar purpose, and the stirring tunes of a gramophone rouse their martial ardour on the march.—[Photograph by Central Press.]

from money-grubbing, and finds refreshment in a rival swain who will let business cares go hang for the sake of simple open-air pleasures. Miss Baker crams all her re-shuffling into her last act. Kate's neglect of her customers in her new-found joy of living affords her future partner an opportunity for asserting his rights too soon, and his interference is just the excuse she wants for giving him his congé. Mr. Pillatt, as your complacent, conceited, calculating climber of a tradesman who condescends to marriage, is a decidedly amusing study; Mr. Dawson Milward seizes on him and acts him with obvious delight. If Miss Laura Cowie's little milliner scarcely suggests business 'cuteness, she certainly shows most engaging vivacity. Two clever character-sketches are provided by Miss Aenes Thomas and Mrs. Grein'; and Mr. Nigel Plautair, Miss Holmes Gore, and Mr. Richard Lambart are other members of an excellent cast who make their mark.

"PETTICOATS." AT THE GARRICK. from money-grubbing, and finds refreshment in a rival

"PETTICOATS." AT THE GARRICK.

make their mark.

"PETTICOATS." AT THE GARRICK.

A play in which all the characters are women starts with an inevitable handicap, however much it may pique curiosity, and must be very skilfully managed to overcome that handicap. The times, to be sure, lend themselves to the scheme of such a play as Mr. Malthy's "Petticoats," and help to gree plausubility to its all-feminine atmosphere. Since in so many directions in these wardays women are being employed as substitutes for men, the playwright's comic fancy is only carrying the process of social transformation a stage further than it had reached already when he shows us not only women-chauffeurs, women-window-cleaners, and women-doctors, but women-policemen, a woman-clergyman, and a woman-Member of Parliament. Good enough, however, as Mr. Maltby's idea is, it only half comes oil, and scarcely more than half his women-possess even a fantastic vitality. All his moli of females invading a flat are farcically supposed to be in pursuit of the newest V.C. and hero of the hour, and they are foiled at the last when, in place of the man, walks in one more woman-his wife But somehow, despite no little wit, despite his reliance on feminine bickering and plotting, despite the play he makes with the war's modification of social distinctions, the author scarcely maintains sufficient movement and fun and variety to sustain interest in his story through three acts. Some of his dramalis personae, we must add, are little more than dummies; and one part, with which Miss Millie Hylton struggles gallantly, is overloaded with talk. But his low types are many of them very amusing, and give scope to their interpreters. Praise, for instance, is due to Miss Louic Tinsley, Miss Pollie Emery, and Miss Frances Wetherall, the furniture-removers; to Miss Esme Hubbard, the charwoman; and to Miss Elaine

Sleddall, quite a manly policewoman. Let us say, then, that Mr. Maltby's experiment half-succeeds.

"THE OTHER BING BOYS," AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE,

the all-popular
"Bing Boys." So
playgoers get two
sets of good things
at once—on the one
hand, all the familiar
and tuneful melodies
they must know by
heart, including
"Another Little
Drink" and "The
Only Girl"; on the
other hand, new
jokes and "back
talk" from Messs
Augustus Yorke and
Robert Leonard, who,
whether as business
partners or "Other
Bing Boys," keep a
Yiddish dialect and
harmony. There results an old-new
entertainment which



DIED ON SERVICE: THE LATE- MRS CLAYTON BROWN

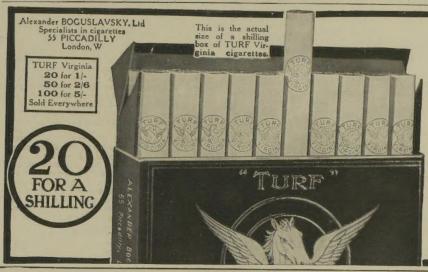
The late Mrs. Clayton Brown recently died at Boulogne, where, during the war, she devoted herself unsparingly to the work of the canteen which has proved a veritable boon to thousands of our soldiers. Her death is deeply regretted by all who knew her and her devotion to the work which she had undertaken.

sults an old new entertainment which is going to be more new than old as soon as the two chief comedians are surer of their foothold. Already there are new songs and dances, a new and Irish Emma in vivacious Miss Ella Retford, and it should not be long before "The Other Bing Boys" rival or even excel their Alhambra relatives.

Our readers will remember that in our issue of March to we gave a page of photographs illustrating the recent arrival at Bordeaux of the ss. Rechester and Orleans, the American steamers which were the first two that successfully ran the so called German "blockade," after Germany itilly ran the so called German "blockade," after Germany had given warning to neutrals of her new policy of unrestricted submarine warfare. In our descriptive notes that accompanied the photographs we repeated a statement, previously published elsewhere, that the Rechester was the property of the Oriental Navigation Company We now learn that this was not the case, but that the Rochester is owned and run by the Kerr Steamship Line of New York. We gladly give publicity to the correction.



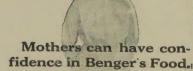




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CELESTINS

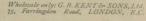


His Armour

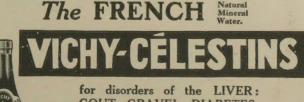
against tooth trouble is Calox, the Oxygen Tooth Powder. He uses it every morning and every night, and learns early the supreme value of teeth and mouth really clean and fresh. He keeps the Calox habit all his life. Calox whitens the teeth, invigorates the gums, and gives a pleasant fragrance to the breath. Why don't you acquire the Calox habit.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The R.A.C.
Taken Over.

The Premises of the Royal Automobile Club were taken over by H.R.H.
the Duke of Connaught, and formally reopened as the Royal Overseas Officers' Club. In the course of his speech, H.R.H. expressed great appreciation of the work which had already been done by the R.A.C. on behalf of the officers of the Overseas contingents who have come over to assist the Motherland in the war. Every Overseas and Naval officer has for many months past been accorded the privileges of honorary membership, so that the new order of things may really be regarded merely as an extension of the Club's activities. For the future, said H.R.H., the club would be under the patronage of H.M. the King, and would be conducted by a committee under the presidency of Lieutenant-General Sir Francis Lloyd. The latter explained in detail the arrangements that had been made, so far as they will affect the members of the R.A.C. Primarily, the club would be for the use of Overseas officers; but all commissioned officers and Members of Parliament already members of the R.A.C. would continue to enjoy their rights as members. This also would apply to members who were certified as workers for the British Red Cross Society and the St. John Ambulance Association. Regarding other civilian members, those directly engaged in "war work" would retain their privileges as members, and Sir Francis announced that he would consider personally every case in which a civilian member of the club were likely to suffer any great disabilities as a consequence of the command-eering of the premises, since there are comparatively very few of the members who are not engaged directly on war business. I believe this is true of something like eighty per cent, of the membership.

The Chancellor and Motor Taxes.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer announced in the House of Commons last week that, in House of Commons last week that, in the light of the recent notification of the Petrol Control Committee that the supply of motor-spirit would be still further restricted (and in some cases cut off altogether), he had come to the conclusion that a situation had arisen which demanded special treatment. To meet the case, he intended to introduce a clause in the Finance Bill providing that where the user of a private car is unable to use his vehicle, owing to the restriction in the



A HANDSOME NEW CAR: A 30-35-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER (ALPINE MODEL) CAR.

exceedingly handsome double coupé body is fitted to the chassis of this car, is having been built by the Cunard Motor and Carriage Company, Ltd. The interior is plated aluminium, the body painted Dreadnought grey, and the interior colstered to match, the whole effect being quiet and refined. The show-rooms of Messrs. D. Napier and Son, Ltd., are at 14, New Burlington Street, W.



A CAR FOR AFTER THE WAR: A NEW 40-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER TOURING MODEL LANCHESTER Even the war will not last for ever, and with wise prevision the well-known Lanchester Motor Company are preparing their new touring models for use in the days of peace to come. This fine car is seen in a beautiful bit of country within ten miles of Birmingham.

supply of petrol, he shall, provided he surrenders his motor-car licence before June 30, be entitled to a repayment of one-half the duty. This is certainly a very just and

equitable arrangement, and one which ought to meet the unqualised approval of the motorist and of those who are supposed to represent his interests. In the light of Mr. Bonar Law's announcement, it seems more than ever evident that the action of the A.A. in asking him to receive a deputation on the subject of the related grievances of the petrol-shortage and payment of full licence-fees was, to say the least, premature. There was no need for the Association to have rushed in with its proposal for a deputation until the Government had shown that it was not inclined towards an act of bare justice. As we have seen, the mere pointing out of the position as it arose has been sufficient to ensure the desired relief.

The Care of the Springs.

Some few weeks ago I wrote favourably of the Duco spring-gaiters as a means for ensuring the proper lubrication of the suspension-springs. Since then I have had further opportunity for assessing their value, and I must say that the more I see of their performance the better I like them. There is just one thing at which I marvel. For years we have been protecting the joints of our universals and our steering mechanism with leather covers, yet it is only now that someone has thought of doing the same for a part of the car which is equally hard worked. Why did nobody strike the idea before?

A New Fuel Order.

Good-bye now to the advantages we have hitherto enjoyed of eking out the meagre allowance of petrol by the addition of paraffin and other substitutes. Under the terms of an Order issued last week by the Petrol Control Committee, all substitute fuels are to be held to be a part of the allowance, and must be entered on the licence as such. The reason given, and it is a perfectly logical one, is that all these substitutes absorb tonnage for their conveyance, equally with petrol, and their use in excess of the amount of the latter allowed by the licence in effect defeats the object the Committee has in view. Apparently the Order does not discriminate between substitute fuels produced at home and those which have to be imported. So far as the private motorist is concerned, I suppose it does not matter very much in these times of sacrifice, but the effect on commercial and passenger transport is bound to be very serious. At a moderate estimate, it will mean cutting down mileage by 25 per cent., at least.

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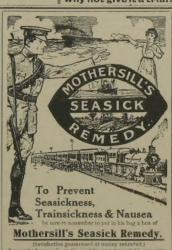
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

CORREST SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3747 received from C A M (Penang):
No. 3749 from Ethel W Corlett (Portland, Oregon, U.S.A.), L Rockwell
(Cheyenne, Wyoning, U.S.A.), A d'Aguiar, and H K Flavia (Bombay);
of No. 3750 from C Field (Athol, Mass., U.S.A.); of No. 3752 from Captain
Challice (Great Yarmouth), B Kilner (Huddersfield), Jacob Verrall (Rodmell), R Roberts, and J Green.

The following have sent the Auronal

ment, K Roberts, and J Green.

te following have sent the Author's Solution of Problem No. 3753:

Rev. J Christic, J S Forbes (Brighton), J Fowier, J Green, and J Dixon.

Solution of Problem No. 3751.—By A. M. Sparke.

1. P to B 4th 2. Q to K sq. mate.

K P takes P, in passing

If Black play, r. Kt P takes P, 2. Q takes P, any other, then 2. Q Kt or R

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

Another game by H N PILLSBURY. It was played in a simultaneous exhibition against twelve boards at St. Louis on Jan. 6, 1900.

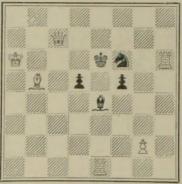
(Ruy Lopez.)			
	WHITE (Pillsbury) BLACK (Haller)	WHITE (Pillsbury) BLACK (Haller)	
	I. P to K 4th P to K 4th	27. B to R 5th Kt to B 2nd	
	2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd	28. Kt to B 4th R to Kt sq	
	3. B to Kt 5th Kt to B 3rd	29. P to Q Kt 3rd P takes P	
	4. Castles Kt takes P	30. R P takes P R to Kt and	
	5. P to Q 4th Kt to Q 3rd	31. Kt to Q 3rd Kt to K 3rd	
	6. B to R 4th P to K 5th	32. R to K B sq Kt to Q 5th	
	7. R to K sq B to K 2nd	33. B to Q sq R to Q Kt 4th	
	8. Kt to K 5th Castles	34. P to B 4th R to R 4th	
	9. Kt to Q B 3rd P to K B 4th	35. R to B 4th R to R 8th	
	to. P to B 3rd P takes P	36. R takes Kt R takes B (ch)	
	11. B to Kt 3 (ch) K to R sq	37. K to B and R to Q Kt 8th	
	12. Q takes P Kt takes Kt	38. Kt to B 5th K to B 2nd	
	It would be risky to play Kt takes	39. R to Q 6th K to Kt and	
	P. As Pillsbury himself pointed out	40. P to K 6th P takes P	
	at the time, Kt takes P, 13. Q to	41. R to Q 8th B to R 3rd	
	R 3rd, Kt to K 3rd, 14. Kt to Kt 6th	42. Kt takes P (ch) K to B 3rd	
	(ch), winning the exchange. Black	43. Kt to B 5th B takes P	
	has other moves at his disposal; but	44. P takes B K to K 4th	
	in each case White has the superior	45. K to K 3rd P to B 5th (ch)	
	game.	46. K to B 3rd R to B 8th (ch)	
	13. P takes Kt Kt to K sq	47. K to K and R to Q R 8th	
	14. Kt to Q 5th B to Kt 4th	48. Kt to Q 3 (ch) K to K 5th	
	15. Q to R 5th P to B 5th	49. Kt to Kt 4th P to B 4th	
	16. B takes P B takes B	50. R to K 8th (ch) K to B 4th	
	17. R to K B sq P to K Kt 3rd	51. Kt to Q 3rd R to R 7th (ch)	
	18. Q to R 3rd Q to K Kt 4th	52. K to B 3rd R to R 6th	
	19. Q to Q B 3rd R to K B 4th	53. R to K 5th (ch) K to B 3rd	
	20. Kt takes B P to Q Kt 4th	54. R to Q 5th R to B 6th	
	21, Kt to R 3rd Q to Kt 5th	55. K takes P R takes P	
	22, R takes R P takes R	56. K to K 3rd R to K Kt 5th	

-A White Kt should stand at Q B 7th in Problem No. 3753.

P to B 3rd Q to Q B 5th P takes Q K to Kt 2nd

PROBLEM No. 3754.-BY E. J. WINTER-WOOD,

BEACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Royal Auction Bridge. Ernest Bergholt. 1s. 3d. net - (Routledge.)

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"THE AEROPLANE SPEAKS."

"THE AEROPLANE SPEAKS."

On the whole, the serious literature of aeronautics has been disappointing so far. The exponents of the new science seem to have taken pleasure in making their subject abstruse, and some of the most unreadable books in our language must surely belong to this section. It is irritating to the average well-read man to pick up a book dealing with a subject which, after all, is not the most complex theme in life, and yet find that he can hardly make head or tail of it. He discovers that the book is written in a loose jargon compounded of French, English, and American phrases, perverted engineering, scientific, and automobile terms, and many rather childish or stupid words which do not even merit to be called good slang. Withal, this strange medium is heavily and inartistically used, and the result, save with a few notable exceptions, is that very little clear instruction and no entertainment is given. Possibly the high priests of the new science think that a veil of mystery is desirable for the great truths of aeronautics, but in adopting this course they do their cause a disservice. It was with relief, therefore, that we dipped into "The Aeroplane Speaks" (McBride, Nast), the author of which is Captain Barber, of the Royal Flying Corps, a well-known expert on flying. Evidently Captain Barber shares my opinion that there is a great dearth of simply written and interesting books on flying, for one of the reasons which impelled him to take up the pen was his desire to help the ordinary man to understand the principles of flight. He adopts a novel method, and, 'although at first it seems somewhat fanciful, it very soon becomes a most interesting vehicle for the conveyance of information. The various parts of the aeroplane are given the power of speech, and they explain their functions in a dialogue which is quite cleverly conducted. Certain dangers always attend this form of treatment, but Captain Barber very skilfully keeps up the interest through a long Prologue, and then droys into another s

For obvious reasons, peculiar interest attaches this year to the Lyons Fair, which promises to exceed in scope and variety that of 1916, and to be worthy of the second city in France. Some 2300 applications have been received and arranged for, and at least 2600 firms will be represented in the Entente Fair, which opens on March 18 and will remain so until April 1. The Fair will be of much interest to manufacturers and merchants alike, the former being able to inspect raw materials there, and the merchants the finished goods, in great variety. The official catalogue can be obtained of the Organising Committee, Lyons.

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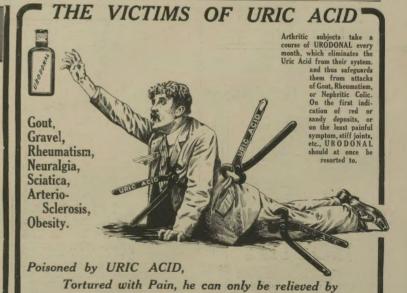
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MEDICAL OPINION:

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